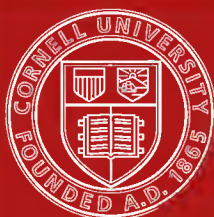


Andrew D. White
President of the
Cornell University
with the Authors
Kind regards.

Berlin, June 30th
1885.

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SHAKESPEARE-NOTES.



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SHAKESPEARE-NOTES.

BY

F. A. LEO.

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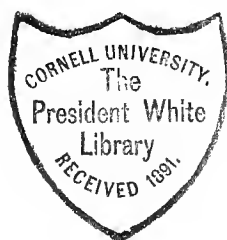
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P R E F A C E.



THE flattering wish of several of my literary friends, to see my emendatory and critical studies of Shakespeare published in one volume, while they hitherto were only dispersed in different Annuals, weekly Papers and Reviews, met with mine own, and I yielded with pleasure to it, enlarging the context by a quantity of Readings, not yet published.

I beg to mention that the counting of the lines, in the quotations of the text, is that of the Globe edition ; while the text of the leading quotations, at

the top of each note, is taken from the first Folio, and, where that does not contain the lines, either from one of the later Folios or from the Quartos.

F. A. LEO.

BERLIN, *May* 1885.

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SHAKESPEARE-NOTES.

TEMPÊST.

(I. ii. 100.)

*Who hauing into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a synner of his memorie
To credite his owne lie.*

I am sure we ought to read with Warburton *unto* instead of *into*. (*It is a great sin to swear unto a sin*—2 Henry VI., V. i. ; so here, perhaps, is meant *to swear unto truth*; and in the New Testament, 1 John v. 16, *he shall give him life for them that sin not unto death*), and the construction of the whole phrase would be the same that Boswell gave : Who having made his memory such a sinner unto truth as to credit his own lie by telling of it.

(III. i. 14, 15.)

*But these sweet thoughts, doe euen refresh my labours,
Most buſie left, when I doe it.*

My sweet and busy thoughts refresh my labour

(they refresh it by their busy doing—in a busy way—busily !)

*But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labour
Most busily when I do it.*

(For “busily” see Henry IV., I., and Titus Andronicus.)

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

(IV. iv. 202.)

Before giving the reading I proposed in the *Fahrbuch* of 1880 (vol. xv.), I have to repeat what I stated there, namely, that Elze, in his “Notes on Elizabethan Dramatists,” and even earlier in “Robinson’s Epitome of Literature,” vol. iii. p. 48, gave the same, and therefore has the claim to priority, but that I did not know of his combination; and the fact that two came to the same result may strengthen its power.

*Come shadow, come, and take this shadow vp,
For 'tis thy riual : O thou fencelesse forme,
Thou shalt be worship'd, kifs'd, lou'd and ador'd;
And were there fence in this Idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.*

Instead of the word *statue* in the last line, changes have been proposed, *e.g.*, *sainted*, *statued*, *stated*, &c., and there is no reason decidedly to pronounce any one of them as wrong, but neither is there any to declare them as right. No one of them bears the convincing stamp of Shakespeare. This poet likes to squeeze the lemon of his puns to the last drop, and as the lawyer—if a crime has been committed—asks, “*Ou est la femme?*” a Shakespearian scholar, if he has to deal with an unintelligible line of the text, must ask, “Where is the *pith* of the quibble? where is the antithesis?” Here the pun lies in the word *shadow*.

Julia calls herself and the picture *shadow*; herself, because the “sun” Silvia places her in the shade; the picture, because it is only the *likeness* of life, the life’s shadow—and she continues: “If his passion were not blind, but clear-sighted, *my shadow* (that is, *my likeness*) should be where thine is now, and *my personality* (*my substance*) would have been changed into a portrait (into a *shadow*) to be worshipped by him.”

My substance should be shadow in thy stead.

In the same scene, 122-125, we read—

*Vrfula, bring my Picture there,
Goe, giue your Master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget
Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow.*

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

(II. i. 52.)

Mi. FORD. *If I would but goe to hell, for an eternall moment, or so: I could be knighted.*

Mi. PAGE. *What thou liest? Sir Alice Ford? these Knights will hacke, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy Gentry.*

Mi. FORD. *Wee burne day-light: heere, read, read: perceiue how I might bee knighted.*

Warburton gave us the reading *lack* instead of *hacke*, Johnson proposed *we'll hack*, Elze *smack*; but I believe the true reading to be *hatch*, because this word leads us to the greatest variety of puns in these lines; and I am of opinion (as already has been mentioned in another note), that a right answer to the question: "Where is the quibble?" very often leads us to the comprehension of a hitherto misunderstood phrase. And another question, too, must be raised: "Which is the most natural thought and expression for this one individual, and, pronounced

by it, in this one situation?" These two jolly Windsor wives, always gay and laughing, and besides this, actually in an eccentric, mirth-provoking situation, cannot speak prosaically of hacking or smacking knights; their mirth must explode in an amusing equivocal, and characteristic expression; and, therefore, we have all the more to look out for a quibble.

The puns lie here in the words *knights* and *nights*.

These knights will hatch (such a knight, as thou wouldst be, remains a woman [must lay eggs and hatch them], and therefore cannot change the article of the gentry, since this article can only be changed by the man).

These nights will hatch (take care for the night; it is the time for impregnation).

And Mrs. Ford answers—

We burn daylight. (No danger! We are secured; it is broad daylight.)

And how comes Mrs. Ford to use the pun *knight*, *night*, and *light*?—Look at the verse of Falstaff's letter—

*By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or night :
Or any kinde of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight.*

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

(I. i. 5 ff.)

*Since I am put to know, that your owne Science
Exceedes (in that) the lifts of all aduice
My strength can giue you: Then no more remaines
But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them worke.*

All editors agree that mischief has been done in copying or composing these lines, and they have tried to cure what there is wrong. Let me join them in endeavouring to give a reading that brings sense, without changing too much :—

*Since I am put to know, that your own science
Exceeds the lifts of all, advice can give you;
And thus no more remains, but add my strength
To your sufficiency—your worth is able !—
And let them work.*

(I. iii. 42, 43.)

*And yet, my nature never in the fight
To do in slander.*

All readings, from Pope down to Dyce, Halliwell, and Staunton, have changed, but not emended; the clearer and better understanding of

the poet's thoughts was not increased. I suppose we ought to read—

*Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home
And put my nature never in the fight
To do me slander.*

Do me no slander, Douglas (1 Henry IV., IV. iii. 8). The contrast between *name* and *nature* (personality, individuality) is the starting-point of the whole phrase.

(III. ii. 275 ff.)

I regard these lines as a sort of epilogue, but not written by Shakespeare; it was probably a concession to the custom of the time, and added by an actor or by the manager. Shakespeare could not have written lines as—

Grace to stand, and Vertue go;

and the words *exacting* and *contracting*, as nouns, do not occur in any other play of Shakespeare. I believe

Grace to stand, and Vertue go,

to be a misprint for

Place to stand on, way to go.

If this is a poor sense for Shakespeare, perhaps

it is just therefore on the level of him who wrote these lines.

How may likenefs made in crimes.

Here I would accept the change proposed by Malone—

. . . . *wade in crimes ;*

and understand *likenesse* as *likeness of the angel*.
How may a man, who has the outward likeness of an angel, notwithstanding wade in crimes ?

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

II. i. 109–113.

*I see the Jewell best enamaled
Will loofe his beautie : yet the gold bides still
That others touch, and often touching will,
Where gold and no man that hath a name,
By falshood and corruption doth it shame.*

After having accepted the Warburton-emendation in the fourth line, *wear* instead of *where*, one little change more is necessary—the change of *and*, in the third line, into *an* ; and we read, with the help of some transposed commas—

*I see, the jewel best enamelled
 Will lose his beauty; yet the gold bides still
 That others touch, an often touching will
 Wear gold—and no man that has a name
 By falsehood and corruption does it shame.*

“I thought the character of my husband to be of real unchangeable gold; I see he is only enamelled, and loses his beauty. If he were what I thought him to be, he would not shame his name by falsehood and corruption.”—(*An = if, even if.*)

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

(V. i. 15 ff.)

*If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
 Bid sorrow, wagge, crie hem, when he should grone.*

Under the many emendations of these lines there is one which, though I cannot accept it, expresses in a clear form the bitter humour that lies at the bottom of Leonatus' speech. It is that of Collier, under the mask of his corrector—

Call sorrow joy;

who could have expressed the same thought by using a less violent change—

Call sorrow wag.

The same content is given in Schmidt's Dictionary : " And if sorrow, a merry droll. . . . "

But I believe another reading the right one, and propose the following form—

*If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
At sorrow's rage crie "hem," when he should groan.*

See Richard III., I. iii. 278—

And in that thame still live my sorrow's rage !

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

(IV. iii. 180.)

With men like men of inconstancy.

Like men perhaps is a misprint for *like me*, and this is to be said "aside"—

With men

(Aside) *like me—*

men of inconstancy.

He knows that he is as much perjurious as they are.

(V. ii. 295-297.)

*Faire Ladies maskt, are Rofes in their bud :
Dismaskt, their damaske sweet commixture showne,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Rofes blowne. .*

The Quarto of 1598 reads *varling clouds*, the Folio and the Quarto of 1631 *vailing clouds*.

The sense is : Masked ladies are like angels that are veiled—covered—by clouds. But being dismasked, they veil the clouds.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

(III. ii. 150.)

But you must ioyne in foules to mocke me to ?

Words and sense being sufficiently clear, a change would not be necessary, and notwithstanding, many editors have tried to alter the reading, perhaps because the form is rather forced. Hammer gives the reading *in flouts*, Warburton *insolents*, Tyrwhitt *ill souls*. I should like to ask whether the following is absolutely objectionable ? Nothing but the fact, that the word "insult," as a noun, and in the sense here required, is not to be found in Shakespeare, detains me from decidedly proposing this emendation—

But you must join insults, to mock me to ?

(V. i. 59.)

That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow.

I have always found the "wondrous strange" snow as wondrous as strange. Theseus wants two antitheses; the first is "hot ice," the second *could* be "black snow;" but why must black snow be wondrous? Snow is easily made black by particles of smoke driving in the air, while "hot ice" really is an impossibility. Therefore the epitheton "wondrous" must appear rather suspicious; in its stead we look out for a word that gives a more decisive expression of the character of this here-mentioned snow. Now there is such another word that really gives an antithesis, and that is found by only changing one single letter—*ponderous*!

Ponderous snow is really something strange, and if Theseus says

Hot ice, and ponderous, strange snow,

he gives indeed two contrasts, that express perfectly what he intends to say.

In the old reading "wondrous" is not an adjective to "snow," but an adverbial attribute

to "strange," and this accumulation of tautological expressions,

Wondrous strange,

says nothing! "Wondrous strange" does not characterise the snow more than it would the stars, the moon, a house, a dog, or anything else, and Shakespeare does not allow his people to say such barren and poor things.

The word "wondrous" as attribute to another adjective occurs eighteen times in Shakespeare; we have: wondrous heavy (twice),—fat,—sensible,—cold,—kind,—hot,—well (fol.),—affable,—rare,—well-beloved,—malicious,—single,—light,—pitiful,—fair. In all these cases "wondrous" is applied as expressing a comparative gradation of the following word; in the two other cases where we find it connected with "strange"—

(3 Henry VI., II. i. 33)—

This is wondrous strange,

(Hamlet, I. v. 164)—

'Tis wondrous strange,

it does not stand in reference to a noun, and it speaks of something supernatural, serving as an exclamation upon an extraordinary apparition.

The external form is the same ; but it does not follow that this must always internally give the same sense. In the two cases before quoted, “wondrous” and “strange” are adverbially applied, and this stands in opposition to the reading in M. N. D., where “strange” pretends to be an adjective, and cannot mean more than the foregoing adverb, viz.—

Strangely strange snow

or

Wonderfully wonderful snow.

And now, last not least : Shakespeare uses the word “ponderous” in the sense here required in Hamlet—

*Why the Sepulchre hath oped his ponderous
And marble jaws.*

I dare not quote “most ponderous and substantial things” in Measure for Measure, because I do not believe these words to be Shakespearian.

TAMING OF A SHREW.

(III. i. 2-4.)

LUC. *Have you so soone forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katherine welcom'd you withall.*

HORT. *But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patronesse of heavenly harmony.*

The metre of the third line is complete if we read—

O Katherine ! But, wrangling pedant, this is. . . .

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

(V. iii. 65, 66.)

*Our owne loue waking, cries to see what's done,
While shamefull hate sleepes out the afternoone.*

A sense may be found in the quoted lines, although not a very poetical one. Johnson and Malone (see their Notes) are wrong, and so is Mr. Singer, in their personification of "hate." They consider "sleeping hate," and "dreadful, revengeful, ruthless hate" as being synonymous, and so their opinion must be, that, if "hate" had *not* slept, the mischief would not have been done; but that is an error *in calculo*; "hate," of course, can only be active when awake; sleeping he is—like Anteus—lifted up from his mother Earth—without force, and so is "love." "Hate" and "love," directed towards the same object, cannot be awake at the same time. What I have found in the two lines is this :—

"Love fell asleep, and by this fact, and in the

same moment, Hate was awaking, and did mischief, profiting by Love's sleep. Too late, Hate being tired, Love awakes, and *cries to see what's done, while* at the same time *shameful hate*, like a gourmand, surfeited by a luxurious repast, *sleeps out the afternoon.*"

If this is not poesy, at least it is sense.

(V. iii. 216, 217.)

*Her insuite comming with her moderne grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate.*

"Modern grace" I have never agreed to, and therefore should like to accept the proposed reading, "modest grace," because what Shakespeare generally understands by "modern," is not in keeping with what Bertram wishes to say; he does not mean *that* grace, which every venal coquette is accustomed to display, but just the other one, that seems natural and innocent, and therefore seduces! But *if* we are forced to retain "modern," we may perhaps find something instead of the incomprehensible *insuit*, an antithesis to *modern*, and by this change understand why

Shakespeare had a good reason to apply this word—

Her ancient cunning with her modern grace.

“Ancient,” in the sense of “inveterate,” “versed,”
“business-routine-like.”

I HENRY VI.

(IV. vii. 3.)

Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity.

Walker asks, “Can any good sense be made out of this line?” Johnson explains it, “Death having stained and dishonoured with captivity.”

I believe Death here to be represented in the appearance of a warrior. In the same way as the Indian war-tribes are accustomed even to-day to appear in the battle (smearing their body with the slain enemies' blood, in order to make a more horrid impression on their foes), and as our Teutonic ancestors appeared, Death is supposed to go triumphantly over the battle-field, “smeared” with the terrible aspect of captivity; terrible even for those who are happy enough to escape the sword of Death.

CORIOLANUS.

(I. i. 20.)

The leanneffe that afflicts vs, the obiect of our misery.

If we mentally supply *which* is before *the object*, no misunderstanding is possible.

(I. i. 40.)

Partly proud.

Should we not rather read *portly proud*? See Spenser's Amoretti, or Sonnet 5—

“Rudely thou wrongest my deare hearts desire,
In finding fault with her too *portly* pride.”

Delius proposes to read: “partly to please . . . and partly to be proud.”

(I. i. 95.)

To scale 't.

The Folio gives it *to scale 't.* Various commentators adhere to the old reading, understanding it in the sense of “to disperse,” Knight even in the sense of “to weigh.” To use the word here in the sense of “to weigh” would seem exceedingly forced, and no one of the unlearned hearers of Menenius would understand it. As for “disperse,”

the old patrician may mean to do it *a little more*, since he supposes the tale to have been heard already by his audience, but it is more natural to understand *to stale the already heard story*, to make it as flat as every twice-told story is. See Dyce's Remarks, &c., p. 158, and Walker's Criticisms, vol. ii. p. 274.

(I. i. 218.)

Shooting their Emulation.

The sense of the last word is not very clear in this place (if it does not mean : "They shout at the success of their emulation") ; perhaps we ought to read, instead of *their emulation*, *the innovation*. Then it means : "They shout at the innovation, with which they have succeeded."

(I. i. 262.)

*The present Warres deuoure him, he is growne
Too proud to be so valiant.*

May he perish in the present wars ! The consciousness of his being so valiant has made him too proud.

(I. i. 276.)

Demerits.

Ought we not perhaps to read *due merits* ?

(I. i. 282.)

. . . *and in what fashion*
More then his singularity.

The modern editors put a comma after "fashion," which is not to be found in the first Folio, and are at a loss to understand "his singularity." I propose to change *his* to *this*, and to omit the newly added comma; then there is a very clear sense: the Tribunes had been just speaking about the singular fashion of arrangement between Cominius and Marcius; they now go to the Capitol, to see "in what fashion more"—in what further fashion, beside the just-mentioned singularity—"he goes upon this present action."

(I. iii. 46.)

. . . *when it spit forth blood*
At Grecian sword. Contemning . . .

All editors read: *At Grecian sword's contending*. Collier's Corr., and Collier himself in his Sh. ed., proposed *swords contemning*, declaring it as "Hector's forehead contemning at the Grecian sword," and Dyce is right in asking whether "contemning at" is legitimate phraseology. But Volumnia does not speak about "contemning at." She says, *spit at*; and the construction of the

phrase must be, "when contemning (full of contempt) it spit forth blood at Grecian sword." Therefore, my reading is—

. . . *when it spit forth blood*
At Grecian sword contemning.

(I. iii. 55.)

What are you sowing heere? A fine spotte in good faith.

Spot and *sport* were the different readings of the editors, but, in my opinion, neither of them is the right one. It seems to me highly probable that the first Folio has a misprint in the word *spotte*, for I am disposed to regard this letter as an erroneous repetition of the compositor, who looked at the *f* in the word *fine* (*f* and *s* being easily confounded); the words to be composed were not, as I conjecture,

a fine spotte in good faith;

but

a fine pattern, good faith.

(I. iv. 3.)

You Shames of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues.

The reading of Malone is—

You fhames of Rome you ! . .

But I prefer to receive as a better reading either

*You fhames of Rome ! You herd of — ! byles and
plagues. . . .*

or

*You fhames of Rome ! You —— ! Herds of byles and
plagues. . . .*

In both readings, Coriolanus would in the climax of his fury interrupt himself in his vociferation, to use a still stronger expression than the intended one was. It is like a torrent of thoughts and words too powerful to pass the flood-gates of his lips without hindrance. One wave overflows and stops the other.

(I. vi. 76.)

Oh me alone.

This is intelligible, though not very clear ; probably the meaning is : “ You lift me up, and even me alone, just as you do with your swords.” But I should prefer to change *alone* into *aloft*.

(I. vi. 81.)

(Though thanks to all) myft I felect.

Hanmer has omitted the words *from all* after

select, which are found in the first Folio, and I agree with him.

(I. vi. 84.)

And foure shall quickly draw out my Command.

Numerous notes and different emendations by the editors of each century show, that the reading of the first Folio did not satisfy the claims on intelligibility, and generally it was the word *four* that puzzled the critics. And, indeed, when Steevens says, "he will submit the election to four indifferent persons," it is a poor and rather indifferent sense, and not at all Shakespeare-like. But there is one word more, which must be regarded otherwise than it has been hitherto, if we want to understand it—the word *command*. It is impossible for Coriolanus to "*command*, which men are best inclin'd," for inclination does not depend upon command; it acts without external influence. But if we understand *command* as subject, and change *and four* into *before*, the sense of the phrase seems very clear: "Before you march, my command shall quickly draw out those men, which are best inclined."

(I. ix. 72.)

To undercrest your good Addition.

If *undercrest* is the word of the poet, this must be the sense : In his modesty, Marcius is not of opinion to have already merited *the good addition*, the name of honour, Coriolanus ; he promises to merit it by other deeds ; for him it is nothing more but a hollow name, until he has “under-crested” it, adorned it by new heroical actions, and “to the fairness of his power.”

(II. i. 54.)

Said, to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint.

The following remark may be allowed to find a place here, though I do not pretend to attach any very great importance to it ; it is, perhaps, too “hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion.”

If “first complaint” does not stand in connection with the mysterious charms of the worship of Venus, I would suggest the following explanation :—

Menenius gives his own portrait as that of an Epicurean. He confesses to liking drinking and revelling, so that I wonder he does not say any-

thing about eating. But perhaps he does; he does not at all favour "the first complaint," for else he would favour the complaint of the plebeians, and since he already in the first words has confessed to like drinking, the "thirst" has no reason to complain. That Menenius is known to be a gourmand, appears from the remark of Brutus: "You are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table," and if we therefore take the *f* in *favouring* as a misprint for a long *f*, and remember that Menenius says in the same play—

". . . but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts"—

we are induced to search in *the first complaint* for a misprint for something belonging to the culinary art; and the words "priest-like fasts" remind us of the time when fasting was ordered—the lenten time. ("Time of Lent" instead of "Lenten time," see f. i. "Notes and Queries," 3d S., i. p. 88: ". . . this p'sent tyme of Lent.") Is it not possible that *first complaint* is a misprint for *feast of Lent*, and that, instead of

in favouring the first complaint,

we ought to read—

in favouring the feast of Lent.

(I will not too strongly advocate a change in the word *feast*, and reading *fish* for it. See Pericles, Act II., Scene i. : “We’ll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting days.”) At all events the sense given by the emendation is quite in keeping with the whole portrait : Menenius likes neither wine allayed with Tyber, nor lenten food, nor retiring to bed early—in short, he confesses to being a jolly fellow.

I have endured some not very agreeable remarks concerning this note, and I regret all the more to be driven to say that the *fish* or *feast* of Lent does not displease me even to-day. If one of these readings had been found in the Folio, no note or emendation would have been tried, because none would have been required ; while *the first complaint*, with its whole train of elucidations, has not yet been able to unite and found a congregation of believers.

Menenius speaks English too perfectly to say

favouring the first complaint,

if he means to express, “Whoever comes to me with a grievance or a lawsuit, is sure to have the

question yielded to him, provided he is the first who comes." He surely then would say—

Favouring the first complainer.

And concerning the above-mentioned "worship of Venus," Menenius is too old, and there is too little of a corresponding touch of sensuality in his whole character, to allow any one to believe him capable of the twofold frivolity to feel and to express such things.

I cannot help it—the sympathy for the feast of Lent does not leave me.

(II. i. 215.)

. . . *I have liued,
To see inherited my very Wishes:*

I have obtained the realisation of my wishes. (The wish to inherit, and the realised inheritance, stand here in juxtaposition.)

(II. i. 271.)

teach the People.

Knight, Dyce, Collier's Corr., Grant White, and Walker accept the reading *touch*. If the Tribunes must "suggest to the people," they cannot

hope that "teaching" would do for the purpose ; only "touching" will teach the people, whose mental power is not very great.

(II. ii. 133.)

. . . *And is content*
To spend the time, to end it.

To end—what ? The time—of his life. He is content to have no other occupation but to sacrifice himself for his country.

(II. iii. 122.)

Wooluifh.

M. Mason and Grant White have the merit of having introduced the reading *foolish*, instead of the misprint of the first Folio *Wooluifh*. Coriolanus calls foolish "the napless gown of humility."

It is nearly incredible that judicious scholars should be capable of adhering to the misprint of the first Folio ! *Wolvish tongue* ! Is it possible to receive this form seriously as a Shakespearian one ? Would any Englishman understand the words—*Why in this wolvish tongue should I stand here ?*—as expressing anything that could "suit the action ?" We may say, with the citizens in the

opening scene of *Coriolanus*: *No more talking on't!* Let all discussions concerning this line come to an end; and if discussion *must* be eternalised, discuss about *foolish* and *woolless*, about *gown* and *tongue*, but not about the incurable nonsense *wolvish tongue!*

(II. iii. 251.)

And Cenforinus, nam'd fo by the people.

This line is wanting in the first Folio, and Pope supplied it. He wrote: "And Censorinus, darling of the people;" Dyce calls the line "far from a happy one," but says, "it seems to have now acquired a sort of prescriptive right to a place in the text." I do not think so; I prefer the reading which I propose. In North's Plutarch we read: "Cenforinus also came of that familie, that was so furnamed, because the people had chosen him Cenfor twife." The lines

*And Cenforinus, nam'd fo by the people,
And nobly named fo, twice being cenfor,*

are much nearer to the text and sense in Plutarch, than "the darling of the people." Delius proposed: "And Censorinus, that was so surnam'd;" in the form he comes yet nearer to Plutarch; but

I think the same verb must stand in the first line as in the next.

(III. i. 49.)

each way to better yours.

Your business is, to subdue the people, and I will "better it," I will hinder you from doing so.

(III. i. 93.)

Giuen Hidra heere. . . .

Most of the editors read *here*. Collier's Corr. has *leave*, and Dyce says: "Rightly perhaps, for in this passage there is a harshness in understanding *Given* as equivalent to *permitted*." In Part II. of King Henry VI., Act IV., Scene iv., we find—

"Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed."

I propose therefore the reading: *Given Hydra heart*.

It has given me great satisfaction to see that Alexander Dyce, in his second edition, has received this reading in the text.

(III. i. 98.)

awake your dangerous Lenity.

In All's Well that Ends Well, Act V., Scene iii., the words—

“Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust,”

are to be understood as follows: “*In* our displeasures *we* often destroy our friends, and after *we* weep their dust.” In the same manner the words *awake your dangerous lenity* are to be understood, “*You must* awake from your dangerous lenity,” or rather, Lenity is taken, as it were, as a nightmare reposing in his sleep on, and so depressing, the energy. The nightmare is to be awakened and driven away.

(III. i. 154.)

To iumpe a Body.

I retain the word *jump*, because I like it better than Pope's emendation *vamp* (adopted by Dyce), and Singer's *imp*. Neither “vamp” nor “imp” express what Coriolanus means; he will “treat” the body with a dangerous physic, and hopes to

"cure," not to "vamp" it, and since the treatment is dangerous, he *jumps*, *i.e.*, he risks the body.

(III. i. 203.)

And fo are like to do.

Menenius speaks that to himself. Since there is the question, who will prevail, Coriolanus or the Tribunes, Menenius fears the latter: "I fear you will remain in your place, and Coriolanus will lose his new-won consulship."

(III. ii. 29.)

*I haue a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a braine. . . .*

Singer proposes "soft" for "apt," and Collier's Corr. substitutes a new line. If a change was necessary I would prefer another reading, and propose: "I have a heart as *lightly rapt* as yours." Many instances of this use of the word *lightly* are to be found in Johnson, Richardson " (R. of Brunne, Chaucer, Gower, Holland: Plinie)," and Coleridge's Glossarial Index " (R. of Gloucester)," and even in this play we find it (IV. i. 29). As to *rapt*, see Johnson, Richardson " (*rapt*: borne, carried away, transported; and hence [met.] *rapt*, *rapture*, trans-

port, trance, ecstasy, violent motion or emotion of the mind, senses, passions)," and Coriolanus (IV. v. 122), where the heart is *rapt* in joy ; but it might as easily be *rapt* in anger. But no emendation is wanted, since in the text of the Folio a clear sense is to be found : " Her brain is apt to better vantage " (see Macbeth, I. ii. 31 : " surveying vantage "), but not her heart. I cannot say that a construction of the phrase which makes " apt " dependent on " better " is a natural one ; but since it is a possible one in the language of Shakespeare, a change is perhaps not permitted, else I should like to stick to my reading, *lightly rapt*. The newest reading is that of Mr. Kinnear in his *Cruces Shakespearianæ*—

As little stoops as yours.

This seems to me an exceedingly easy way of emending, and if it were followed generally, no more *Cruces Shakespearianæ* would exist. The best prescription for curing the crux-disease would be : If any word in Shakespeare's works does not suit you, please efface it, and put in its stead any other you like.

(III. ii. 80.)

That will not hold the handling : or say to them . . .

Before *say* I have omitted the *or* of the Folio, and believe I have thus restored this much discussed passage to clear sense : " Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand, and—having stretch'd it, thy knee bussing the stones, waving thy head—say to them . . . "

(IV. i. 9.)

A Noble cunning.

Perhaps *calling*.

(IV. i. 30.)

Like to a lonely Dragon.

He does not compare *himself* with a lonely dragon (for just now there is no reason to suppose that he will be feared ; and why should his den ?), but the *banishment* ; he says : " Though I go alone, as if I were going to . . . " It is to be remembered that banishment was the hardest destiny for a Roman. A banished Roman was lost for ever ; but Coriolanus assures his mother that he will—even banished—perform deeds that will " exceed the common : " " There is a world elsewhere."

(IV. ii. 16.)

Are you mankinde ?

There is a malicious and low sense in these words. Volumnia says to Brutus : " Will you be gone ? " Virgilia to Sicinius : " You shall stay too," and continues : " I would I had the power to say so to my husband." The tribune understands quite well the stinging pain of these words, but he prefers to comment on them in a spiteful sense, as expressing the lady's *kindness* to *men*, since she wants to retain him and Brutus, and to have her husband too. And therefore he asks : " Are you *mankind* ? " Volumnia has too much of feminine purity to understand the coarse quibble, and answers in the clear sense of the word, calling him and his father a fox.

(IV. v. 222.)

Directitude.

Singer says : " There can be no doubt that the servant is intended to blunder in the use of *directitude*." The servant will say that Coriolanus is now in a dejected position, " but when his crest is up again . . ." The servant himself does not understand the word he uses, for else he would show his erudition by answering the question, " Directi-

tude, what's that?" At all events, he means "dejectitude" (the emendation of Collier's Corr.), and therefore the wrong word must *not* be changed.

(IV. vi. 95.)

*Than Boyes purfuing Summer Butter-flies,
Or Butchers killing Flyes.*

In the Folio, *flies* in the first instance is written as here, but in the second line *Flyes*. I should prefer another word after "killing," since the comparison is as forced as the repetition; so that I suppose the latter to be an error of the compositor's.

After further consideration, I find that "confidence" here means "carelessness," or rather "indolence." They have such confidence in Coriolanus that they even do not ask whither he leads them. They are as indolent, as thoughtless, in following him, as butchers are who, standing in their shops on a hot summer-day, use the fly-flap without reflecting on what they are doing. The poet, in carrying out this trope, comes—and this is rather Shakespearian—to another parallel: the butcher is Coriolanus, or rather war's fate, provoked by him, and the confiding Antiates are the flies.

(IV. vi. 160.)

. . . *Would, halfe my wealth
Would buy this for a lye.*

The repetition of *would* is somewhat heavy ; *could*, in the second line, would perhaps be a better reading.

(IV. vii. 24.)

Yet he hath left vndone.

Aufidius hints at the conquest and demolition of Rome and the massacre of the inhabitants, and his words signify : " He has not yet done it, and I doubt whether he will do it." Afterwards he says : " When, Caius, Rome is thine, thou art poor'st of all ; then shortly art thou mine."

(IV. vii. 52.)

Hath not a Tombe so euident as a Chaire.

For "chair" Singer reads "hair ;" Collier's Corr. and Grant White "cheer." The best remark yet made is made by Dyce : he calls the line "a dark passage." Let us try to make it clear. In order to penetrate the poet's meaning and intention, we must not examine a phrase taken out of its

connection with the scene, but we must feel with the acting persons, and from out of this feeling we must know how they think and how they speak. And, therefore, let us now become Aufidius for a moment, and see whether it might be possible for us to think on the "chair," the sella curulis in Rome, and reflect on things which do not stand in any relation to the passionate feelings of envy and revenge which dominate us. Aufidius feels thoroughly that he has lost his position as the first general of the Volsces, and that his glory is darkened by Coriolanus ; he hates him, and has the clear intention to ruin him ; so clear, that he knows already the ways and means of doing it. Though Coriolanus is hated by him and by some other Volscian generals, he is not hated by the people, and to make him so must be the first step. Aufidius knows that, though small merits are willingly acknowledged, people do not like to be reminded of great and important merits which lay them under the obligation of gratitude, and that he who is idolised is nearest to be hated as soon as he himself mentions his deeds—

He has a merit [*great enough*] to choke it in the
utterance ;

and therefore he provokes Coriolanus in act

v. scene vi., and hopes that in his fury he will boast of what he has done for the Volscian people, and that the "fire" of his merits shall be driven out by the "fire" of the people's pride. But that does not lie in the nature of Coriolanus, and by just going the contrary way, and hurting the self-love and vanity of the Volscies in reminding them of the origin of his name of Coriolanus, he facilitates for Aufidius the attainment of his purpose. But that is a fact, though it is of a stirring dramatic effect (Coriolanus perishing in Antium by the same contempt of the people as in Rome), which has nothing to do with the former combinations of Aufidius. He intends to provoke Coriolanus to become his own panegyrist, and so he says :

Power, unto itself most commendable,
Has not a tomb so evident as a *claim*
To extol what it hath done ;

i.e., "if he who has merits *claims* the extolment of his deeds, his power is lost." And, therefore, I propose not to read *chair*, but *claim*.

What has been written above is all very well, and when I wrote it I was fully convinced of

having hit the bull's eye; but upon mature consideration I fear that *chair* is better than *claim*, because it gives the same sense in a more poetical form. The juxtaposition of *tomb* and *chair*—the *chair* (*sella curulis*) having materially a greater right and chance of becoming possibly a tomb than a *claim* ever could—is just what a poet writes, while a scrutinising critic afterwards alters *chair* to the very correct but very prosaical *claim*. *Claim* says all, and therefore does not say enough.

(V. i. 16.)

That haue wrack'd for Rome . . .

Perhaps we should read *work'd*; for that is the sense. The tribunes have won a noble memory (ironically) by caring for the public interest (as they ought to do as tribunes), and making coals cheap, just as Publius and Quintus had the merit of having brought the best water by conduits to Rome.

(V. i. 20.)

It was a bare petition of a State . . .

Monk Mason proposed “base” instead of

“bare;” but *bare* may mean here: “without reasonable expectation of success.”

(V. i. 67.)

*What he would do
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an Oath to yeeld to his conditions:*

In his writing he said what he would do, and what not; and that an oath given to the Volscians bound him in this way. The first guard says: “You are condemned; our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon;” and Coriolanus himself says: “My remission lies in Volscian breasts,” and: “The thing I have forsworn to grant.”

(V. ii. 17.)

verified . . . with all the fixe that verity would . . . suffer.

This seems almost to be nonsense. Dyce calls “verified” a most suspicious reading. Hanmer and Collier’s Corr. have “magnified.” What I propose is not much better than “magnified,” except perhaps that the expression is somewhat more distinct, and that the word contains one

letter more corresponding with the letters in *verified*. I propose to read *glorified*.

(V. ii. 81.)

Your . . .

The reading of the first Folio is a misprint for *our*. Menenius cannot call the gates "your," since Coriolanus afterwards says "your." Perhaps we ought to read *yond*.

(V. ii. 92.)

Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison.

"Ingrate forgetfulness" is here *subject*: rather than that *pity* shall note the fact how familiar they have been, the *ingrate forgetfulness* of the Roman people shall poison this thought.

(V. iii. 148.)

. *Speake to me, Son :*
Thou hast affected the fine strains of Honor,
To imitate the graces of the Gods,
To teare with Thunder the wide Cheekes o' th' Ayre,
And yet to change thy Sulphure with a Boul't
That should but riue an Oake.

Volumnia means: "Speak to me! confess that

thou hast injured thine honour (in being the enemy of thy native country), only for the purpose to be as merciful as the gods."

(V. iii. 182.)

¶ then Ile speak a little.

The last word she will speak before her death shall be a curse on her son !

(V. iv. 22.)

He fits in his State, as a thing made for Alexander.

It means : He sits there in his chair, with all the attributes of his dignity, in hard and brazen taciturnity, like a statue of Alexander. The most elastic use of the word *thing*, applied both to persons and to objects, is of very common occurrence with Shakespeare. "He showed as little life and movement—even when he saw me, his best friend—as a thing would show that had human form and looked like great Alexander, but were made of brass" (see Cor. II. ii. 113, where Cominius called Coriolanus *a thing of blood*).

(V. vi. Stage Dir.)

Antium.

Query: Is it not rather Corioli? Aufidius' words, "Dost thou think I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name Coriolanus in Corioli?" may be read in two different ways: ". . . I'll grace thee with . . . thy in Corioli stol'n name, . . .," and then *Antium* may be right; but if we read, "Dost thou think I'll grace thee in Corioli, . . .," then *Antium* must give way for *Corioli*, though Plutarch calls *Antium* the native town of Aufidius, and the conspirator says, "Your native town . . ."

ROMEO AND JULIET.

(III. ii. 6.)

The Shakespeare-scholars of three centuries have published so many more or less ingenious notes about Juliet's "runaway," and yet the question is still far from getting the right answer, that no harm will be done to any one if a very little and modest note tries to give the same, probably with no better effect than the other notes realised.

The Quarto of 1599 has the quoted line as follows :—

That runnawayes eyes may wincke, and Romeo . .

If we take into consideration that the four last letters of *runnawayes* are nearly the same as the letters of the next word, *eyes*, it will not be entirely unjustified to suppose that the repetition of the four letters (for *a* and *e* are very easily mistaken and interchanged) results from an error of the compositor's, and that the real word in question, or rather the mutilated word, only is *runnawayes*, and not *runnawayes eyes*.

Now, in reading Juliet's soliloquy, we find that she wants not merely *night*, but quite directly *cloudy* night ; she is of opinion that

Louers can see to doe their Amorous rights,
And by their owne Beauties :

She calls the night a

. . . . sober futed Matron all in blacke,
and a

. blackebrow'd night.

In short, she wants all as dark as possible, and probably will have nothing to do with the inquisitive, importunate, and prating moonlight.

The clouds therefore are, as I suppose, the *close curtain* which shall make wink the moon's eyes; and Juliet says—

Spred thy clofe Curtaine Loue-performing night

(and then, lifting up her hand to the moon and the stars),

That yonder eyes may wink.

If we remember that the quartos generally were published after some shorthand writing, that, as Collier says, "The person or persons who prepared the transcripts of the plays for the printer wrote by the ear and not by the eye; they heard the dialogue and wrote it down as it struck them," . . . the difference of some of the letters in the two words,

r u n n a w a y e s
y o n d e r e y e s

will not be of any importance, if we suggest the possibility that one could believe to hear pronounced "runnawayes," while the other said "yonder eyes." (It is not to be forgotten that many Englishmen of the best erudition pronounce *w* instead of *r*—"gweat" for "great" !)

For the rest, let me say that Shakespeare

several times uses the word "yonder" or "yon" with regard to the moon and to the heaven.

(II. ii. 107.)

By yonder blessed moon I swear.

(III. v. 8.)

. . . In yonder east.

(III. v. 12.)

Yon light is not daylight. . . .

(III. v. 19.)

I'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye.

"Yon," "yond," and "yonder" are, in the whole, used eleven times in "Romeo and Juliet." In "Measure for Measure," iv. iii. 92, 93, the first Folio gives the following lines—

Ere twice the Sun hath made his iournal greeting
To yond generation.¹ . . .

Coriolanus, iv. v. 110—

Yond Cloud.

One word more for those who mean that the sun is not yet gone—

Gallop apace, . . .

¹ I may use this as an example even in the case of its here being only an abbreviation for *yond* = *the under*.

and that Juliet, therefore, cannot lift up her hand to the moon. Well, she lifts up her hand to the *cause of light*, may that be the sun or the moon, and “yonder eyes” is an epithet quite as fit for the one as for the other. But it is to be understood that, if Juliet speaks of the sun’s eyes, the “close curtains” can be as well (and even better) the darkness as the clouds.

Now to the most essential point of the question. The text critic and emendator after having examined and counterpoised all external evidence, as language of the time, literary custom of the author, *ductus literarum*, eventuality of transcribers’ or compositors’ errors, a. s. o., has *one* imperative duty—not to care for any result, however ingenious, of those inquiries, if they do not agree with the character of the person and of the situation.

Who is Juliet, and what does she feel and think in the moment? She is young and burning with love. She expects and looks out for Romeo

To do their amorous rites.

She wants him to come, and to

Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen.

And because he must remain *untalked of and un-*

seen, she is angry with yonder shining star, and says : " Shut thine eyes ! "

A young loving girl of the energetic and passionate nature of Juliet does not care for anything else but for her love—even not for any epithalamium in the world, or for whether Romeo is a runaway or not. Love is as near-sighted and as egotistic concerning her passion and its objects as children are concerning their plays and wishes ; and so I cannot help it ; I must confess that I find *yonder eyes* the best emendation, because it gives the most natural and most unconstrained sense.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

(III. iv. 112.)

. . . Go, bid all my Friends againe,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius Vllorxa : All,
Ile once more feast the Rascals.

Thus the 1st Folio. The word *Vllorxa* was best treated by those editors who removed it entirely from the text ; for no attempt to mend it (all, sirrah, all, a.s.o.) could succeed ; neither the spelling nor the thought, nor even the correctness of the verse were apt to support it. It must there-

fore be of interest to discover how this "monstrum" of a word came into the text, and what it possibly could signify.

In every printing-office each sort of type has its letter-case, and the compositor of a MS. in antique, intermingled with words in italics, is forced, when in need of these, to go to the letter-case that contains them. This happened with the 1st Folio, and the compositor went to the italic letter-case to compose there the words *Lucius*, *Lucullus*, *Sempronius*, at the same time with all the other words of the same page to be composed in italics. Returning to his stand, he unintentionally took with him some letters more that already had been composed by his fellow-labourer, who was at work at the italic letter-case. These letters came, again by mistake, into the text, and remained there, perhaps just because the corrector did not understand their meaning, and thought them to be of importance. This is *one* possibility; the other is, that some one had written these letters on the margin of the MS., perhaps to make a note not at all concerning the play, and that the word by this frivolous and mischievous act, and by the misunderstanding of the compositor, came into the text.

So much for the *way* in which it was possible to introduce *Vllorxa* into the text of *Timon*. Now to the question what it might signify.

The writer in margin wrote, or the compositor found at the italic letter-case, the words

Five pounds, or ten angels,

composed in the ordinary form—

v lb or x a.

—v=5, x=10, lb as the sign for Livre Sterling, and a as the initial of *Angel*, a gold coin of that period of the value of ten shillings or half a pound. Under the microscope the lb in the Folio shows the characteristic stroke that runs through the two l from the right to the left.

The objection I met with, that the mark for the pound as weight was lb, while the mark for the worth of a pound as money was li, might well be answered in this form, that the change was only the result of a man's blunder while distributing the letters of an earlier form. The first compositor by mistake put the lb in the box belonging to li, and the next mistake, resulting therefrom, was that the second compositor used the lb instead of li. I have said the objection *could* be answered in such a way, but it is not necessary

to appeal to this explanation ; another question of more weight is to be raised, namely, whether *lb* as mark for money-value has not been in use in England. It *must* have been so, for only from *lb*, and afterwards *lb*, the marks £ and £ could result ; or in other words, the mark for the weight must have been the origin for the mark of the money-value. An Englishman of authoritative standing and experience wrote to me :

“So far as I can discover, the conventional sign for pounds sterling at that time was ‘li’ ; I have given some instances on the slip of paper enclosed. But, as far as that goes, there is no greater difficulty in supposing that ‘li’ might in some way be changed into ‘ll’ than that ‘lb’ might be.”

But this uncertain declaration is not sufficient. There *must* have existed a transitory period, where *lb* (*lb*) was the mark as well for money as for weight, and after which the disorder in the trade and money markets, resulting from the ambiguous use of this mark necessitated the adoption of two different signs. One evidence of the justness of this theory is to be found in the *Subsidy-Roll* of 1589 (discovered by W. Hunter), of which the

original is preserved in Carlton Ride Record Office :

Affid. William Shakespeare — 5 lb. — xij s. iij d.

But this *one* example is not of convincing power, and therefore English scholars and keepers of archives ought to make researches, and look for material to answer this question. As soon as I come to England again I shall try my best to do so.

Now several remarks have to be answered, that were sent to me by friends, who did not agree with my interpretation ; one of them raised a doubt, whether *lb.*, *li.*, or *lib.* ever meant pounds in Shakespeare's days, or whether 10 *angels* was used in accounts for £5, or anything like it. Concerning the first question, see the "Registers of the Company of Stationers of London," vol. iii. p. 35—

"9. Augusti 1596. 38 Elizabeth(ae).

"*Delivered in full Court to the master and Wardens The cities bill under their seale for XI^{li} Lent in marche (1596) last toward the shippes 40^{li} repaible 28 marcij 1597.*"

In the first twenty lines of this page the sign "*li*", as pound, does not occur less than nine times.

Besides we find in Knight, "Shakespeare, a Biography" (London edition, p. 465 ; New York edition, p. 469)—

"In the following August the Lord Chamberlain's company performed Othello in the house of the Lord Keeper at Harefield. The accounts of the large expenditure on this occasion, in the handwriting of Sir Arthur Mainwaring were discovered by Mr. Collier amongst the Egerton-Papers, and they contain the following entry :—

'6. August 1602. Rewardes to the vaulters, players and dauncers. Of this Xⁱⁱ to Burbidge's players of Othello lxiijⁱⁱ xvij^s x^d.'"

See also p. 469 (resp., p. 473) ; Xⁱⁱ ; and p. 481 (resp. p. 485) : 7000*l.* ; 500ⁱⁱ ; 933ⁱⁱ 6^s 8^d, etc.

The fact that the above-mentioned MS. has been discovered to be a forgery, serves as a still stronger evidence for my theory, for, no doubt, the forger will have explored all existing material, to give the most genuine form then in use, "the better to beguile."

Concerning the other question, "Whether ten angels was used in accounts," etc., see Ruding, "Annals of the coinage of Great Britain and its Dependencies ; from the earliest period of auth-

entic history to the reign of Victoria," 3d edition. London, 1840. 3 vols. Vol. i. p. 343:—

The former proclamations to prevent the spreading of rumours respecting the decry of the money having proved ineffectual, and the universal expectation of that event being so deeply settled in men's heads, that the prices of things were greatly enhanced; and as until the monies were brought to the value at which they were intended, and ought to be, not only the meaner sort of people, as labourers, etc., but also all serving-men, soldiers, etc., living only by pensions, and wages, would be pitifully oppressed, her majesty was induced to make a final end, and to fix the value of the coins current in the realm, at the following rates by proclamation, to commence from the 4th of March, the date of the issuing thereof. Which rates were then declared to be those at which they were current since the 6th of Edward IV., and so on until the 16th of Henry VIII.

Fine Gold.

Sovereign was current for 30s.

Ryall ,, ,, ,, 15s.

Angel ,, ,, ,, 10s.

Half-Angel ,, ,, ,, 5s.

The same statement is given in "New Shakespeare Society's Papers," Series VI. No. 3 (edited by *F. J. Furnivall*), p. 101; while on p. vii. of the volume, last line, stands: an angell of 10s. Series VII., No. 7, p. vii., gives the mark *li* for pound, etc.

See also Rye, "England as seen by Foreigners," p. 52 (at the date of 1592):—

"As regards the currency, the kings and queens of England have rightly had gold and silver coins struck for payment. A double rose-noble is worth thirty-two English shillings, that is, eighteen French francs, or eight thalers, or rix-dollars; a rose-noble, half as much. An angel, having on it the Knight St. George [St. Michael and the dragon], is worth ten shillings, . . ."

One single remark has been made that may somewhat militate against my conjecture of the letters having been composed at the italic letter-case, and then by mistake having been removed to the other; the spaces wanting between *v ll* or *x a*; and therefore the other conjecture above-mentioned might be the right one, that any one wrote *vllorxa* in margin, and that this by the compositor was taken for one word, and therefore composed in the present form.

(IV. 3, 133, 134.)

*Enough to make a whore forswear her trade
And to make whores, a bawd.*

Dyce calls this an obscure passage; I believe all obscurity vanishes, if we construe as follows:

Enough to make a whore forswear her trade, and to make a bawd forswear her business, that consists in making whores. Johnson gave a similar declaration.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

(II. i. 183ff.)

BRUT.

When Cæsar's head is off.

CASS. *Yet I feare him,*

For in the ingrafted loue he bears to Cæsar.

Steevens has added the auxiliary verb—

Yet I do fear him;

and the modern editions give the phrase as incomplete—

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

I cannot understand why. Take away the “in” after “For” that the compositor erroneously has given twice (“in the in . . .”), leave away the comma after “him,” and the sense is as clear as possible, without the auxiliary of a broken phrase :

Yet I fear him

For the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar.

(III. i. 47, 48.)

*Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.*

I should not understand why so much is written about this perfectly clear line, if I did not regard all notes as nothing else but the result of a protest as energetic as men could make it against Ben Jonson's poor and witless remark.

Cæsar does not wrong means, "Cæsar is not unjust," and means the same thing whether you take "wrong" as a noun or as a verb.

(III. i. 173 sq.)

*To you, our Swords haue leaden points Marke Antony:
Our Armes in strength of malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receiue you in,
With all kinde loue, . . .*

I have no doubt that Capell's reading, accepted by Dyce, is the right one :

*To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony,
Our arms no strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, . . .*

So that "have" refers to "swords" and at the same time to "arms."

(IV. i. 43, 44.)

*Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,
Our best Friends made, our meanes stretcht.*

The readings of the different Folios, of Malone, Steevens and Staunton, are known to the scholar. But all these emendations tend only to the endeavour to make the metre of the verse accord with rule; none of them tries to make the sense intelligible. What means: *Our best friends made*? I believe that we here again meet with a compositor's error, who caught with one look at once the words of two lines, and made the mischief by intermingling them. I am sure we ought to read—

*Therefore let our alliance be made,
Our best friends all combin'd and our means stretch'd.*

See King John, V. ii. 39—

Where these two Christian Armies might combine.

The alliance has been *combined* beforehand, now is the moment to *make it a real fact* by combining the powers ("alliance" in the old reading can impossibly mean "armies"); the

friends existed beforehand, now is the moment to *combine* them.

MACBETH.

(I. v. 57, 58.)

*Thy Letters haue transported me beyond
This ignorant present.*

There is only one single editor—at least as far as I know—who speaks about the word *letters*, and thinks it worth while to mention the curious fact that Lady Macbeth declares to have received *letters*, while she only means to speak about *one single letter*. It is *Delius* who says: “Shakespeare uses the word *letters*, even in the plural form, where a single letter only is mentioned.” There are some instances in Shakespeare, it is true, where a doubt could be entertained whether the word *letters* meant the singular or the plural, but not a single one where this doubt is *clearly decided* to the benefit of *Delius*’ opinion.

The word *letters*, in the present case, is of the utmost importance for the characterisation of Lady Macbeth; illustrated by the consequences

drawn from this plural, she changes entirely from what she has been in the eyes of some centuries to a rather not less dreadful, but at least less distasteful shape.

She has got LETTERS—not a single letter!—she has got letters—from the field; her husband has made her acquainted with all his hopes, wishes, and aims. He did not want to have the spirit of his wife poured into his ear; just the contrary—he has poured his spirit into her ear! Long before he met her—long before she could have influenced him—he had his plan, and the means to reach it, clear before his eyes.

(I. iii. 116, 117.)

*Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor !
The greatest is behind.*

(I. iii. 127–137.)

[Aside.] *Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling art
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.*
[Aside.] *This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—if ill,
Why has it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:*

*If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image does unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature?*

Further on in the same scene, he says to Banquo—

(I. iii. 153-155.)

*Think upon what hath chanced; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.*

In the fourth scene, where the King has conferred the dignity of Prince of Cumberland on his son, Macbeth says—

(I. iv. 48-53.)

*The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see!*

He knows what he aspires to, and he has made his wife acquainted with his plans—and she? She enters into the spirit of his ambitious schemes, because she regards it as the wife's

duty to be the helpmate of her husband. And she knows that he is in need of assistance.

(I. v. 17-31.)

. . . Yet do I fear thy nature ;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way : thou wouldst be great ;
Art not without ambition ; but without
The illness should attend it : what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily ; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win ; thou'dst have, great
Glamis,
That which cries ' Thus thou must do, if thou have it ; '
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone.

She *calls* this "human kindness," but she understands it as unmanly weakness, and therefore she continues—

Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear ;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

And what spirits are these ? It is a poor boast if she calls them "my spirits !" She speaks of

them a few lines later ; she appeals to them for help—

(I. v. 41 sq.)

*Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe-top full
Of direst cruelty. . . .*

Well ! She invites those spirits to come to assist her—they did not live in her until then (if they lived in her she would not want to call them ; Richard III., Edgar, or Iago do not invite the spirits to come, those spirits that tend on mortal thoughts) ; she wishes herself even unsexed ; she wants herself changed from the woman *that has given suck, and knows how tender 'tis to love the babe that milks her*, to a character hardened by energy, and from the moment she has this certain point in view she does not deviate from it, *she would have pluck'd her nipple from her child's boneless gums, and dashed the brains out, had she sworn it*. And not to gratify her own ambition ; she does not mark her satisfaction at the expectation of future greatness, for when she says—

*Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant,*

and some lines later—

*You shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch ;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom,*

her words are only meant to be a stimulus for the undetermined character of her husband. She does not enjoy the future ; she is only on the look-out for Macbeth's sake ; and she, indeed, does the greatest and most direful part of the work ; she deliberates and prepares ; she disposes and acts—while he ? He stabs, and then totters and trembles ! He is a hero in action, but a coward in determination ; from I. 7, 31 until the end of this scene, she is the hero and he the coward ; afterwards, too, in the second scene of the second act, where she makes herself bold by the same remedy she uses to make the two chamberlains drunk ; and later, after the murder has been committed, look on the following words, what poor weakness in him, what iron energy in her—

(II. 2, 44, *sq.*)

*Why, worthythane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think*

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*So brainfickly of things. Go get some water
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there; go carry them; and smear,
The sleepy grooms with blood.*

MACB. *I'll go no more.*

I am afraid to think what I have done;

Look on't again I dare not.

Lady MACB. *Infirm of purpose!*

Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead

Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood

That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,

I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;

For it must seem their guilt.

If all this were natural in her, she would indeed be the monster, as which she lives in the judgment of the past and present, but it is not! She forces herself in the same way as she encourages her husband—

But screw your courage to the sticking-place. . . .

She has done it, and she perishes by it! He was the framer of all crimes. Long ago, long before she got the last letter, he communicated to her his dark intentions.

(I. 7, 47-54.)

What beast was't then

That made you break this enterprize to me?

*When you durst do it then you were a man ;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both ;
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you.*

And she had even courage enough a moment
to think of murdering the king herself :—

*Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had don't.*

Now we have different points of the greatest moment for measuring the primitive character ; she takes wine in order to deafen her conscience and to acquire the force necessary to do what must be done ; she is touched by a futile resemblance, and, thinking on her father, is unable to act, as she had the intention to act, a moment before ; but this does not prevent her, after the murder has been committed, from smearing the grooms with the king's blood :

The dead is but as a picture !

She is a matter-of-fact nature, and this touch of character leads her to the crime as well as it makes her succumb to its burthen. This single

crime, not committed but only aided by her, drives her into madness and death !

She would never have been the Lady Macbeth we see in Shakespeare's play if she had not been led to it by love for her husband, by her ambition in his interest. Her crime is not innate cruelty, but hardness of heart and unwomanly energy, though the former is even not strong enough to withhold her from tender feelings; and with a different husband she would have been a different wife.

Concerning the dramatic power of the Lady's character, nothing would be lost by losing the trait of dire and voluptuous cruelty. Just the contrary; an impressionable nature, driven *to become* hard and cruel, is of more powerful effect than a character whose innate and natural obligation drives it *to be* hard and cruel.

While I met with several dissentient opinions concerning my interpretation, expressed in a rather harsh form, but happily not coming from decidedly authoritative or professional quarters, I enjoyed the great satisfaction, a short time after my essay was published (in the Introduction to my Translation of Macbeth, 1871) and reviewed, of receiving some older English essays, treat-

ing the same question in the same sense. The gentleman who was kind enough to send me those papers, taken from a great collection of scraps, was the late Lord Mayor of Berlin, Mr. Seydel, a man of the highest standing in scholarship. One of the essays, "Distortions of the English Stage — Macbeth," is found in the *National Review*, October 1863 (28 pages); the other : P. W. Clayden, "Macbeth and Lady Macbeth," in the *Fortnightly Review*, August 1867 (16 pages). I must declare that I did not know either of them, and that I felt as much astonished as gratified to find my opinion so strongly sustained from two different quarters. As I may be allowed to suppose that the essays I refer to are not known or not remembered nowadays, it will be of some advantage for the point in question to give a few extracts from them :—

"DISTORTIONS OF THE ENGLISH STAGE :
MACBETH.

. . . " But of all the plays of Shakespeare, none is so grossly misunderstood as Macbeth. Nor is this misapprehension confined to the stage : it prevails even among those who have zealously studied and admired Shakespeare. As John

Kemble stands for Hamlet in our imaginations, so does Mrs. Siddons for Lady Macbeth. She has completely transformed this wonderful creation of Shakespeare's, distorted its true features, and so stamped upon it her own individuality, that when we think of one we have the figure of the other in our minds. The Lady Macbeth of Mrs. Siddons is the only Lady Macbeth we know and believe in. She is the imperious, wicked, cruel wife of Macbeth, urging on her weak and kind-hearted husband to abominable crimes solely to gratify her own ambitious and evil nature. She is without heart-tenderness or remorse. Devilish in character, violent in purpose, she is the soul of the whole play—the plotter and instigator of all its horrors, a fiend-like creature, who having a complete mastery over Macbeth, works him to madness by her taunts, and relentlessly drives him on against his will to the commission of his horrible crimes, and we hate her as we pity Macbeth. He is weak of purpose, amiable of disposition, 'full of the milk of human kindness;' an unwilling instrument of all her evil designs, who, wanting force of will and strength of character, yields reluctantly to her infernal temptations.

“Nothing could more clearly prove the great

genius of Mrs. Siddons than that she has been able so to stamp upon the public mind this amazing conception, that, despite all the careful study which of late years has been given to Shakespeare, this notion of the character of Lady Macbeth and Macbeth should still prevail. Yet so deeply is it rooted and so universal, that whoever attempts to eradicate it will find his task most difficult. But believing it to be an utter distortion of the characters as Shakespeare drew them, and so at variance with the interior thought, conduct, and development of the play, as not only entirely to obscure its real meaning, but to obliterate all its finest and most delicate features, we venture to enter upon this difficult task.

“Macbeth and his wife, so far from being the characters above described, are their direct opposites. He is the villain who never can satiate himself with crimes. She, having committed one crime, dies of remorse. She is essentially a woman—acts suddenly and violently, and then breaks down, and wastes her life and thoughts in bitter repentance.

“We now come to a consideration of Lady Macbeth’s character. At all points she was his

opposite, or rather his complement. Where he was strong, she was weak ; where he was weak, she was strong. He was poetical and visionary of nature ; she was plain and practical. He was indirect, false, secretive ; she, on the contrary, was vehement and impulsive. Between what she willed and what she did was a straight line. She was troubled by none of his superstitious fears or visions. Her imagination was feeble and inactive, her character was energetic ; she saw only the object immediately before her, and she went to it with rapidity and directness of purpose. She was skilful in management and ready in contrivance, as women are apt to be ; while Macbeth was wanting in both these qualities, as men generally are. For herself she seems to have had no ambition, and not personally to have coveted the position of queen. Her ambition is but the reflection of Macbeth's, and her great crime was wrought in furtherance of his suggestions and promptings.

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“The determination and suggestion of the murder is his ; the management and detail of it is hers. . . . Her nature was not wicked in itself. It was susceptible of deep feeling and remorse. . . . She had a strong will, and gave expression

to it in an exaggerated way : ‘ I have given suck, and know,’ etc. This is but a vehement, passionate, and exaggerated way of saying that if she had sworn to herself to *any thing*, however shocking, as deliberately and determinedly as Macbeth had to commit this murder, she would do it in spite of consequences, and not like him be ‘afear’d to be the same in thine own act and valour as thou art in desire.’ She does not mean, nor did Shakespeare mean, that so hideous an act would be possible either for her to plan or to commit ; but to prove her contempt of that condition of mind when ‘ I dare not wait upon I would,’ she seizes upon the most horrible and repulsive act that she can imagine, and declares energetically that, shocking as that is, she would not hesitate to do even that ‘ had she so sworn ’ to do it as Macbeth had. Yet this wild and violent figure of speech is generally taken as the key of her whole character. It is nothing of the sort ; for the very line preceding it proves that she had a tenderness of nature under all her energy, and a power of love as well as of will.

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“ Still, when the time approaches, Lady Macbeth needs all her courage, and she stimulates it with

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wine lest it should break down : ‘That which hath made them drunk,’ etc.

“She preserves her courage, however, to the end, never loses her self-possession, and takes care that the plan is carried out fully in all its details. But once accomplished, she utterly breaks down. She has over-calculated her strength. She was not utterly wicked, and her remorse is terrible. From this henceforward we have no such scenes between her and her husband ; he performs all his other murders alone without her knowledge or connivance.

“And here the main feature of this play must be kept in mind. Lady Macbeth dies of remorse for this her crime ; she cannot forget it ; it haunts her in her sleep ; the damned spot cannot be washed from her conscience or her hand. . . . That terrible night remains with her, and haunts her, and tears her like a demon, and at last she dies of it.

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“But it is commonly thought that the murder of Duncan was suggested and planned by Lady Macbeth, and he was urged into it against his will and contrary to his nature. Such a view is utterly in contradiction of the play itself. The

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suggestion is entirely Macbeth's, and he has resolved upon it before he sees her. . . . He has already written to Lady Macbeth, and he has but one thought and one theme.

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“When he begins to doubt whether the murder had not better be postponed, she says, ‘What beast was it then,’ etc. ‘It was not of my plotting, but of your own.’ ‘Nor time nor place did then adhere,’ etc. You desired it, and still desire it, but are afraid of consequences. These words of hers would indeed seem to indicate that he had urged the crime upon her against her will at a previous interview not reported in the play, or, perhaps, by a letter” (!!).

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P. W. CLAYDEN : “MACBETH AND LADY
MACBETH.”

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“Macbeth is usually regarded as his wife regards him in the opening of the play, while she herself is judged entirely by her words. He is usually represented as a tolerably good man, up to the time when evil opportunity and a bad wife conspired to transform him into a villain. His

murders are supposed to be done at her instigation. Her ambition, for which she has 'unsexed' herself, led him away.

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"Now, when we come to regard Macbeth and his wife as two real characters, of whom all that we know is recorded in this play, we arrive at a conclusion the very opposite of the popular one. . . . When Banquo utters a warning against ambition, Macbeth meditates thus: 'Two truths are told,' etc. The plain meaning of that is, that . . . amid the very honours the king is heaping on him, he has conceived the idea of murdering him. . . . His mind was already made up.

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"'What beast was it, then,' etc. This is the most important passage in the play in the elucidation of Macbeth's character. The meaning is plain. It proves that they had actually talked this matter over together long before the time at which the action of the play begins.

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"The popular misunderstanding of the character of Macbeth is due, probably, to the description his wife gives of him in the first interview we have with her. 'Yet I do fear thy nature,' etc.

But it is obvious that, so far as we see Macbeth in the play, nothing could be wider of the mark than this estimate of him. . . . For nothing can be farther from the truth than the popular view of Lady Macbeth. That wonderful characteristic of genius, which enables it to put on the character it conceives, reaches its highest manifestation in this marvellous portrait. . . . But all the truth and force of the delineation are lost when Lady Macbeth is regarded as a mere tempter and fiend. She is, in reality, nothing of the kind. Her part is simply that of a woman and a wife who shares her husband's ambition and supports him in it. So far from suggesting his crimes, she distinctly declares that he has broke the enterprise to her; . . . and we have seen that, before he saw his wife, Macbeth had made up his mind to this first step in his career of crime. All that she does is to back him in the execution of his own design.

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“She was afraid of her own nature. Had she been utterly unsexed, she would not have called on spirits to unsex her. . . . Her language is everywhere that of a woman who, in screwing her husband's courage to the sticking-place, as

she says, is also screwing her own. . . . But when the necessity for action is over, all her ready wit forsakes her; she faints, and must be carried away; . . . and from that time she is no longer what she was. . . .”

Is it not remarkable that the plural *letters* in the line

Thy letters have transported me, etc.,

did not tell anything to the above-quoted authors, while both had the same idea of Macbeth's having communicated his plan to his wife before sending the last letter, and while the justness of this conception would have been best elucidated and supported by the single *s* at the end of the word *letter*?

HAMLET.

(I. i. 63, 64.)

*So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the fledged Pollax on the Ice.*

The Quarto of 1604 gives the following form—

He smot the fledged pollax on the ice.

Malone says: “All the old copies have Polax.

Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read *Polack*; but the corrupted word shows, I think, that Shakespeare wrote *Polacks*."

This conclusion seems to be somewhat weak. Why does the corrupted word show, that Shakespeare wrote *Polacks*? Why does it not show that he wrote *Pole-axe*? The corruption would be a lesser one and the meaning clearer and better. I must recur to some of the same words I wrote in *Notes and Queries* (III. v. 410) :

"I always regarded *sleaded* or, as the modern editors read, *sledged* as nonsense. What a ridiculous position it must have been to see a king, in full armour, smiting down a sledged man, *i.e.*, a man sitting in a sledge! It would not have been a kinglike action. And it was of course not a remarkable, not a memorable fact, that in the cold Scandinavian country in wintertime people were found sitting in a sledge; nobody would have wondered at it—perhaps more at the contrary."

In the following words of my note I contend for the word *sturdy* :

"When the king frowned in an angry parle, he must have been provoked to it by an irritating behaviour of the adversary, and Horatio, remem-

bering the fact, will surely also bear in mind the cause of it, and so, I suppose, he used an epithet which points out the provoking manner of the Polack ; and, following as much as possible the form *sleaded*, I should like to propose the word *sturdy*, or as it would have been written in Shakespeare's time—

sleaded.
sturdie."

I do not agree with *sturdy* to-day, because I do not agree with "the Polacks ;" but notwithstanding I must say: *if* any one adheres to "Polacks"—and many do—he cannot find a better adjective than *sturdy*. It is in every case far from being such nonsense as *sleaded*, and I am sure it does not merit the smiling irony of my most honoured friend H. H. Furness. Mr. Pope says : "He speaks of a prince of Poland whom he slew in battle."

I never heard a battle called a "parle," and I cannot suppose that a parliamentary negotiation between two monarchs would end in a row. No ! Horatio speaks of two positions he has seen the dead king in : the first, when he went to war against Norway—Horatio remembers the very armour the king had on ; the second, when he

became angry in the course of a discussion, and—to vent his anger—smote his *steeled pole-axe* on the ice. (For “to smite” in the same sense, see *Lucrece*, 176.) You must see him how he frowned, how he tried to overcome his passion, and how at last this grew upon him, and he lifted his arm, and battered the axe down on the ice! There is more life, more action and nature in this picture, than in the poor Polack, who tumbles down and falls on his nose.

(I. i. 113–125.)

The Hamlet Quarto 1604 gives the above-mentioned lines in the following form :¹—

*In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell*
115 *The graues stood tennatlesse, and the sheeted dead
Did squeake and gibber in the Roman streets
As starres with traines of fier, and dewes of blood
Disasters in the sunne; and the moist starre
Vpon whose influence Neptunes Empier stands,*
120 *Was ficke almost to doomesday with eclipse.
And euen the like precurse of feare euent
As harbindgers preceeding still the fates*

¹ The numbering is that of the Globe edition.

*And prologue to the Omen comming on
 Haue heauen and earth together demonstrated
 125 Vnto our Climatures and countrymen.*

This not being found either in the Quarto 1603 or in the Folio, the Quarto 1604 is the only authority on which we are allowed to refer.

The following lines stand in Julius Cæsar (Fol.) I. 3 :—

- 15 *A common slaue, you know him well by fight,
 Held up his left Hand, which did flame and burne
 Like twentie Torches ioyn'd; and yet his Hand,
 Not sensible of fire, remain'd vnscorch'd.
 Besides, I ha' not since put vp my Sword,*
 20 *Against the Capitoll I met a Lyon,
 Who glaz'd vpon me, and went surly by,
 Without annoying me. And there were drawne
 Vpon a heape, a hundred gastly Women,
 Transformed with their feare, who swore, they saw
 25 Men, all in fire, walke vp and downe the streetes.
 And yesterday, the Bird of Night did sit,
 Euen at Noone-day, vpon the Market-place,*

and Julius Cæsar (Fol.) II. 2.

- A Lionneſſe hath whelped in the streets,
 And Graues haue yawn'd, and yeelded vp their dead;
 Fierce fiery Warriours fight vpon the Clouds
 20 In Rankes and Squadrons, and right forme of Warre*

*Which drizzled blood vpon the Capitoll :
The noife of Battell hurtled in the Ayre :
Horffes do neigh, and dying men did grone,
And Ghosts did fhrieke and squeale about the streets.*

This is the material which the commentators generally have in hand, to answer the question, whether a line is wanting between 116 and 117, or whether the text in 118 is corrupt. Among the many emendators who looked for the fault in 118 (I belong to them and have proposed some rather extravagant readings!) Malone was the first who suspected that a line might have been lost. He says :

When Sh. had told us that the 'graves flood tenantless,' etc. which are wonders, confined to the earth, he naturally proceeded to say (in the line now lost) that yet other prodigies appeared in the sky.

He is seconded in this opinion by Singer (II. ed.), Boaden, and Moberly. The *Clarendon Edition* goes farthest on this way, but not far enough ; quotes Plutarch, but does not give all that is essential, neither tries it to restore the wanting line. Let us follow the same system, but in a somewhat more systematical form.

Shakespeare uses the source—as he often does

—nearly verbatim, and so we are perhaps allowed to judge of what is wanting by what is given. We read in *Plutarch* (See the ed. of 1595) :

(p. 787, line 40 ff.)

For, touching the fires in the element, and spirites running vp and downe in the night, and also the solitary birdes to be seene at noone dayes fitting in the great market place that diuers men were seene going vp and downe in fire: and furthermore, that there was a slaue of the souldiers, that did cast a maruellous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it, thought he had bene burnt, but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt. . . .

(p. 790, line 41 ff.)

Againe, of figns in the element, the great comet which seuen nights together was seene very bright after Cæsars death, the eight night after was neuer seene more. Also the brightnes of the sun was darkened. . . .

Now, looking for what Shakespeare took from Plutarch, we find the following parallel synopsis :—

Line.	Hamlet.	Line.	Julius Cæsar.	Page.	Line.	Plutarch.
115	<i>The graues stood tennatlesse, and the sheeted dead</i>	18	<i>And Graues haue yawn'd, and yeelded vp their dead;</i>	787	41	<i>and spirites run- ning vp and downe in the night,</i>
	<i>Did squeake and gibber in the Roman streets</i>	24	<i>And Ghosts did shrieke and squeale about the streets.</i>			
117	<i>As starres with traines of fier, and dewes of blood</i>	21	<i>Which drizzled blood vpon the Capitoll:</i>	790	41	<i>the great comet</i>
118	<i>Disasters in the sunne; and the moist starre Vpon whose in- fluence Neptunes Empier stands, Was sicke almost to doomesday with eclipse.</i>		790	43	<i>Also the brightnes of the sun was darkened . . .</i>
				790	41	<i>. . . which seuen nights together was seene very bright after Caesars death, the eight night after was neuer seene more.</i>
		15	<i>A common slaue, you know him well by sight, Held vp his left Hand, which did flame and burne Like twentie Torches ioyn'd; and yet his Hand, Not sensible of fire, remain'd vn- scorch'd.</i>	787	44ff.	<i>and furthermore, that there was a slaue of the souldiers, that did cast a mar- uellous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it, thought he had bene burnt, but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt . .</i>
		24	<i>Who swore, they saw Men, all in fire, walke vp and downe the streetes.</i>	787	44	<i>that diuers men were seene going vp and downe in fire:</i>
		26	<i>And yesterday, the Bird of Night did sit, Euen at Noone- day, vpon the Market place</i>	787	41	<i>and also the soli- tary birdes to be seene at noone dayes sitting in the great market place. . . .</i>

And if we scrutinise whether Shakespeare has taken all, or has left out something, we come to a rather curious result—

(Plutarch, page 787.)

For, touching the fires in the element, and spirites running up and downe in the night, and also the solitary birdes to be seene at noone dayes fitting in the great market place . . . that diuers men were seene going up and downe in fire: and furthermore that there was a flauie of the souldiers, that did cast a maruellous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it, thought he had bene burnt, but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt. . . .

(Plutarch, page 790.)

Again of signs in the element, the great comet which seuen nights together was seene uery bright after Caesars death, the eight night after was neuer seene more. Also the brightnes of the sun was darkened. . . .

Of the text quoted here nothing is wanting in Shakespeare's *Hamlet* excepting the words printed in roman type, namely—

Page 787—

For touching the fires in the element

Page 790—

Againe, of figns in the element,

and so we might have the right to suppose that something similar was the content of the lost line ; and if we see that the above (under p. 790) quoted words stand in nearest reference to the following—

Againe, of figns in the element, the great comet,

while line 787 gives the word *fires*—as it were as an interpretative epithet to *comet* ; and if line 117 in Hamlet speaks of the comet

As starres with traines of fier,

we will surely not go astray in supposing that the wanting line speaks of the *element* ; and therefore I have formed the following reading—

- 115 *The graves flood tenantless and the sheeted dead*
 116 *Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets ;*
 117 { *Ev'n in the element above were figns, or*
 { *[Ev'n in the element were dreadful figns,]*
 118 *As stars with trains of fire. . . .*
-

(I. iii. 74.)

Are of a most select and generous cheff in that.

In Quarto 1603—

Are of a most select and generall chiefe in that :

In Quarto 1604—

Or of a most select and generous, chiefe in that :

No doubt here is a fault, and something must be changed ; but where ?

If you change one word and omit another, you can dispose of two readings. You have to omit either “a most” or “in that,” and you have to change the word “chief” (or, as the Folio gives it, “cheff”). From these changes result the two following readings—

Are of select and generous shape in that,

or

Are of a most select and generous shape.

The affected mode of expression suits remarkably well the character of Polonius, and “shape” in the sense here required is a very familiar word with Shakespeare.

(I. iv. 36.)

I do not believe it a crime to give the nearly rooth emendating reading of a passage where 99 have been given by others. But I must confess that among those 99 sinners I have been twice sinning myself. Well! let it be thrice! There is so much incredible nonsense among those 99 that even my two, now by myself rejected, readings count perhaps among the best, without deriving therefrom any great claim to immortality.

It is the old editor-crux (Quarto 1604)—

. . . the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne scandle.

My former readings were—

. . . the dram of ill
Turns all the noble substance of a draught

and

Daubs all the noble substance of a man

But now I should like to read—

. . . the dram of ill
Doth all the noble substance oft addict
To his own scandal.

There is no great change necessary, and the new word "addict" is found in *Hamlet*, II. i. 19, in a sense not too distant from the meaning here required, but written with one *d* in the Quarto 1604, and with two *d*'s in the first Folio.

(I. ii. 236-239.)

Should the form perhaps be—

HAMLET. . . . *in the middle of her favour's privacies?*

GUILD. *Faith . . .*

HAMLET. *In the secreet part. . . .*

(II. ii. 540-541.)

*Would haue made milche the Burning eyes of Heauen,
And passion in the Gods.*

I prefer to understand "passion in" as a misprint for passioning.

*Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passioning the gods.*

Made milch—Made passioning.

See *Two Gentlemen*, IV. iv. 172—

*Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning
For Thefeus' perjury. . . .*

(III. iv. 52.)

Aye me ; what act, that roares fo lowd, & thunders in the Index.

There are really commentators who try to make sense out of this, and take the word "index" seriously. Let me quote only what Edwards, Steevens, and Malone say:

"Mr. Edwards observes that the indexes of many old books were at that time inserted at the beginning instead of the end, as is now the custom. This observation I have often confirmed. So, in *Othello* II. vii.: 'An index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts.'"

—*Steevens.*

"Bullokar in his *Expositor*, 8vo, 1616, defines an *Index* by '*A table in a booke. The table was almost always prefixed to the books of our poet's age. Indexes, in the sense in which we now understand the word, were very uncommon.*'"

—*Malone.*

A charming image: An act, a deed, roaring and thundering in the table of contents! And clever men, that give their name to such enormities!! We may say with Hamlet: "My tables! Meet it is I set it down. . . ."

If it is the question to look for nonsense in this

innocent compositor's error, we do not want the index of an old book—let us speak of the fore-finger, the index! Hamlet, standing before his mother, with uplifted arm and outstretched fore-finger, points towards the two pictures, and this index thunders and roars! It is not as bad nonsense as “the table's content,” but notwithstanding I do not take it seriously; I believe that Shakespeare wrote simply—

That roars so loud and thunders in thy chest?

(II. iv. 161 sq.)

(Quarto 1604.)

*That monster custome, who all sence doth eate
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this
That to the vse of actions faire and good,
He likewise giues a frock or liuery. . . .*

The same words “custom” and “sense” in juxtaposition occur in the same scene, 37, 38:

*If damned custome haue not brazd it so,
That it be prooffe and bulwark against sense.*

Or, as we read in the first Folio—

*If damned custome haue not braz'd it so,
That it is prooffe and bulwarke against Sense.*

That monster custom, who eats up (destroys) all sense, being a devil in his habits (use, custom), is yet an angel in this . . .—habit here to be understood in the double sense of “custom” and “costume,” the latter for the pun with the following “frock or livery.”

(IV. vii. 119 *sq.*)

(Quarto 1604.)

*That we would doe
We should doe when we would: for this would change,
And hath abatements and delayes as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,
And then this should is like a spendthrifts figh
That hurts by easing. . . .*

These words contain the fullest solution of the King's character as well as of that of Hamlet. How is it possible, reading these lines, to believe that Shakespeare intended to give to the portrait of Hamlet any touch of energy!

I feel induced here to repeat what I remarked in reviewing (in the *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*) *Mr. Halliwell Phillipps' Memoranda on the Tragedy of Hamlet*:

Each period has its individual stamp for every manifestation of intellectual life. The romantic

period produces ideal philosophers, while in the time of materialism the realistic philosophers are in season. They are never more than the results and consequences, the reflections of the genius of the age, and while they at the best are nothing but the shade of it, they believe to be its light, nay, even itself! It is the like with the so-called æsthetic criticism. In the romantic period it was able to discover in Hamlet the soul that breaks down under the burden it is charged with; the philosophical dreamer, whose imaginative sphere of thought assumes for him the character of a substantial fact, while the real substantiality of things and actions flutters away before his mind as a mere nothing.

And to-day? The realism, that assumes something satyr-like as soon as it attempts to associate and befriend itself with poetry, discovers in Hamlet the energetic hero, who breaks down in the struggle against the irresistible power of fate. How poor in poetical feeling are those that have the unenviable merit of having promulgated this opinion. They have happily not been able to popularise it; it is not so easy to demoralise the sound feeling of a people. They look out and ask for a legal witness, who can take an oath

on having assisted at the murder of Claudius. If they could get at such a person—oh, what an energy they would display in stimulating Hamlet to any sort of revenge! but without that? Impossible! How could he dare to act against the civil law?—Why oppose and confute this opinion! If Hamlet himself had not the power, he who protests with every word against it, whoever should have the chance of doing so? And it does not matter! Those utterances are, like the witches in Macbeth,

Bubbles, as the water has.

They are symptoms of a period's disease, and as soon as the bacilles, the bearers and promulgators of the epidemic, are gone, the disease itself has vanished. Shakespeare and Hamlet are happily immortal, and a few little bacilles of æsthetic philosophers, even if they have been able to unite a little congregation around them (bacilles are easily and enormously multiplied, just like the *Elodea canadensis*), cannot do them very great harm. They disappear, and Shakespeare and Hamlet, as healthy and immortal as ever, have not even remarked their existence.

But it is to be regretted that an old and highly

esteemed champion in the Shakespearian tournament should allow himself to be enticed into this path. In his preface we find the declaration why he has taken such a dangerous step—

Let me add, that the more I read of the tragedy of *Hamlet*, the less I really understand it as a whole.

His whole deduction moves between the following two limits ; in the beginning :

The present favourite idea is that in *Hamlet* the great dramatist intended to delineate an irresolute mind oppressed by the weight of a mission which it is unable to accomplish. This is the opinion of Goethe, following, if I have noted rightly, an English writer in the *Mirror* of 1780.

and at the end of the book :

The preceding memoranda were in type before I noticed that one or two of my views had been anticipated by Ritson in the year 1783, in remarks that have lately been followed and amplified by two German writers, Klein and Werder.

It is rather a wide step, from Goethe to Werder ! One could be tempted to exclaim with Hamlet,

Look here, upon this picture, and on this !

But the author shows us the inner struggle he

had to suffer ere he could decide to choose the new way—

The more I read of the tragedy, the less I really understand it !

And yet it is the more astonishing for us that he chose it, when we read the following words that express the best understanding for what in this question is right and what wrong :

. . . But the reason of the general failure in Hamlet-criticism is no doubt chiefly to be traced to the want of ability to enter fully into the inspiration of the poet's genius. It may, however, be safely asserted that the simpler explanations are, and the less they are biased by the subtleties of the philosophical critics, the more likely they are to be in unison with the intentions of the author.

Could anything better be said ? could a clearer understanding be better expressed ? And notwithstanding, sacrifice Goethe and accept Werder ? It is nearly incomprehensible ! Our author says (page 9)—

The problem to be solved by Hamlet was, to revenge the murder without leaving a tainted name.

Where is this expressed in *Hamlet* ? where is it only hinted at ? Nobody has a right to give

to a poet's words another meaning than he himself intended to express by them ; and that even Mr. Halliwell is not always of the opinion marked in the above-quoted words, is best proved by what he says a few lines later—

Take note of Hamlet's desire to respect his perfect conscience.

An energetic Hamlet would not care for his conscience if he had to execute his father's order and his holy revenge ; he would believe his conscience burdened with a sin of omission if he did not fulfil the ghost's command.

The prattling waveringness of Hamlet, his fishing for every excuse of his inactivity, this endless playing with words and wits, is, by the representatives of the critical tendency we have before us, regarded as an evidence of Hamlet's statesmanlike wisdom and his self-denying subordination under the constraint of necessity—

So far from Hamlet being inactive, although the active principle in his character is strongly influenced by the meditative, he is really a man of singular determination, and, except in occasional paroxysms, one of powerful self-control (page 14). . . . Much of the difficulty in the interpretation of the tragedy arises from the oversight of accepting his soliloquies as continuous illus-

trations of his character, instead of being, as they mostly are, transient emanations of his subtle irritability.

Against this sort of deduction only one single authentically victorious champion exists, and that is, as I said before, Hamlet himself. A moment after the ghost's report he is brimful of energy and passion of revenge—but only for a moment; in his next words it is already weakened into a witty phrase—

My tables, meet it is I fet it down,

and becomes a shallow play with puns, at the end of the scene.

Whoever, after having read the close of the second Act, after the departure of the actors—

O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

is able still to support the opinion of Hamlet's energetic character, has only one excuse, and that is the same that Halliwell alone is honest and courageous enough to express:

The more I read of the Tragedy, the less I really understand it.

And besides the above-quoted scene in the second

Act, look at the monologue, where Hamlet himself declares that he understands

*To take arms against a sea of troubles
And by opposing end it,*

not in the form of a brave struggle against life's violence, but in that of a cowardly suicide. But he is wanting in even the energy necessary for executing this! He fears the dreams!!

*there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.*

The advocates of Hamlet's heroic and energetic nature are accustomed to find a great support of their opinion in his words—

*The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: and the devil hath power
To assume. . . .*

I am sure, Shakespeare knew beforehand that this remark would be made by a certain sort of his critics, and in order to answer it, he made the ghost say what was necessary to reduce this objection to nothing:

*But, however thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive*

*Against thy mother aught, leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.*

There is some internal resemblance between those critics and Hamlet himself; both like to misunderstand the ghost—Hamlet from want of moral courage, the critics from their passion for being by no means natural in their feeling, but being as sagacious and subtle as possible! The ghost, being a devil, could have cursed the woman too without risk of awakening Hamlet's suspicion; if he does not do so—nay, if he protects her, he proves by this fact that his home is in heaven and only the old and new æsthetic Hamlets can be in any doubt about it!

And at last Hamlet's words in the King's Closet:

*Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't, and so he goes to heaven;
And so am I revenged. That would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father, and for that
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
Oh, this is hire and salary, not revenge. . . .*

and farther, till the end of the monologue.

Why does he not speak there about *my tainted name* or *my conscience*? How easy for him here to appeal to the missing witness? But no! he is full of hate and vindictive thirst for blood, only that he comes too short of another quality; and if Hamlet was not able to demonstrate this to those sagacious critics, perhaps Lady Macbeth has more chance with them, and she would have the right word for him, as she has it for the Hamlet-nature in Macbeth—

*Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage?*

But let that suffice. No discussion is of any avail with the advocates of the above-attacked theory, because they are determined not to be refuted. Nor is it necessary for the benefit of the public, for yon theory has happily not succeeded in misleading its sound common-sense. I only wished to express my regret that so predominant and authoritative a scholar as the author of the

“Memoranda” was able, for a moment, to descend to the level of—

THE HAMLET’S ENERGY OF CHARACTER
PROTECTION CO.—LIMITED !

(V. i. 153 sq.)

H. *How long hast thou been a gravemaker ?*

FIRST CL. *Of all the days i’ the year, I came to ’t that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.*

H. *How long is that since ?*

FIRST CL. . . . *it was the very day that young Hamlet was born.*

FIRST CL. . . . *I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.*

FIRST CL. . . . *this skull has lain in the earth three-and-twenty years.*

H. *Whose was it ?*

FIRST CL. . . . *This same skull, sir, was Yorick’s skull, the king’s jester.*

H. . . . *Alas ! poor Yorick ! I knew him. . . . He has borne me on his back a thousand times. . . . Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. . . .*

This is the entire material for treating the

still not decided question of Hamlet's age. Yorick is dead twenty-three years, and has borne Hamlet a thousand times on his back. We have a right to suppose that in the time of Yorick and Hamlet the use was the same with children as nowadays, and that they were not more than about three years old when they most enjoyed to be carried pick-a-pack, and therefore we are entitled to give Hamlet twenty-six years, if the answers of the gravedigger do not contradict the fact—and they really do not! He has been employed in the church's service for thirty years; he has been there already as a boy, in various occupations, is sexton after a few years, and later on grave-maker, and this on the same day that Hamlet was born. So he is in his position for thirty years, of which time he is grave-maker for twenty-six years.

(V. i. 297 sq.)

Come, show me what thou'lt doe.

Woo't weepe? Woo't fight? Woo't teare thyselfe?

Woo't drinke up Efile, eate a Crocodile?

I shall not waste time in mentioning or hinting at all that has been said concerning these lines.

I say with King Hamlet, "Brief let me be!" and shall only declare that I cannot agree with any of the proposed readings. Neither Yssel, nor Esile, Eisel, or even Nilus tells me anything; the best would be Nilus, if several valid objections had not a powerful right against it: the first of these is, that Shakespeare did not write the word; the second, that the Shakespearian climax is wanting. Hamlet proposes to drink up the whole Nilus, swallowing which, he must get a lot of crocodiles into the bargain. And what is the gradation following after this grand exploit? To eat one poor, single crocodile! No; such a retrograde "climax" is not like Shakespeare. But the most essential objection against Nilus, or any great thing else, is to be found in the content of the second line. Here is no great bravery in anything. Hamlet proposes—weep, fight, fast, tear! Is that an heroic deed? And do we want Nilus, or even the little Yssel, to assist the weeping, fighting, fasting, or tearing of Hamlet or Laertes? No! he has not the intention of performing any homeric or herculean deed—he remains within the limits of a commonplace insanity, and proposes——

Now I must interrupt myself, and speak of *drink up Eisel*. Malone and many other commentators after him found in the word *up* a hint that Shakespeare intended to speak of the drinking dry of a whole mass—a sea or a flood. If we could get rid of this “up,” perhaps we could get rid of the flood too. Now, let us suppose we found a form—that had no meaning in it—*up rice*; every one would suppose that it was a misprint for a *price*.¹ A similar change could take place here—

Up eisel,
A peisel,
A poison,

The first fault would result from a wrong hearing, the second from a wrong composing; but as soon as the correction is made, we find something that at least suits the situation, and is not inconsistent with the preceding thoughts.

Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?

All these are very poor things; but now he

¹ See *Measure for Measure*, II. i. 39. The Folio has : Some run from brakes of Ice [instead of *vice*] . . . Dyce, II. Ed., vol. i. p. 527, No. 35, and vol. ii. p. 59, No. 37.

begins to be somewhat more energetic. He proposes to take *poison*, and if that would not suffice, he is even prepared to consume a crocodile. Here we have the required climax, an intelligible word, and the exaggeration of a momentarily disturbed mind. Nilus of course would be more poetical, but Shakespeare did not, in this scene, intend to allow Hamlet more than—

Weeping, fasting, poisoning, a. s. o.

(V. ii. 41, 42.)

*As Peace should still her wheaten Garland wear
And stand a Comma 'twene their amities. . .*

Instead of “comma,” I should prefer the reading “comart;” see *Hamlet*, I. i. 93 (Folio: covenant).

(V. ii. 128.)

HAM. *The concernancy sir, why doe we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?*

COUR. *Sir.*

HORA. *Ist not possible to understand in another tongue, you will too't sir really.*

Thus the second Quarto. The following Quartos have *doo't* instead of *too't*.

“What does your speech concern? What is the matter with the gentleman? (Why do we wrap him in our breath, that, though only air, is rawer than himself—why do we speak of him?)” and Horatio, who does not relish this eccentric sort of speech, asks in his matter-of-fact way: “Can’t you speak like other reasonable people?”

(V. ii. 298.)

He’s fat, and scant of breath.

I recommend the reading of *Plehwé*, that has been received by Moltke and mentioned in the Furness edition:

He’s hot and scant of breath.

(See *King John*, IV. iii. 74: *I am hot with haste.*)

Hamlet being hot, there is a reason for the Queen to give him her handkerchief, and we are quit of the most unsympathetic *fat* Hamlet, as well as we are quit of the *thirty-years* Hamlet by Yorick’s skull, that tells us that Hamlet is not more than twenty-six years.

LEAR.

(I. i. 76.)

. . . the most precious square of sense. . . .

The most precious sphere, space, province of feeling ; and how is that everywhere called ? How otherwise than *heart* ?

Alexander Schmidt, the editor of the invaluable *Shakespeare Dictionary*, asked me in a letter : "Where did you get your signification of *square* from ?" I did not mean to say that "precious square of sense" ought to be *translated* by "heart ;" but the heart is indeed the precious province of feeling, and no preciser and shorter form for what Regan means can be found than "heart."

Wright's *most delicately sensitive part of my nature*

Grant White's *entire domain of sensation*

Johnson's *compass of comprehension*

(Steevens confirms Johnson's interpretation by quoting, "The square of reason and the mind's clear eye," and so I could claim the right of speaking of a square of sense or sentiment, as of the place where our feeling germinates ; but I will not make use of this right, because Shakespeare himself indeed does not use the words in the sense here required)—

What can they mean but "heart"?

For those who still do not wish to accept the "square of sense" as equivalent for "heart," let us mention the possibility that *square* might be a misprint for *sphere* or *space*.

(II. iii. 20.)

*The Country giues me prooffe, and preſident
Of Bedlam beggers, who . . .*

*Inforce their charitie: poore Turlygod, poore Tom,
That's ſomething yet: Edgar I nothing am.*

Turlygod, or, as the later editions write, *Turlygood*, is nowhere else to be found in Shakespeare. Warburton proposes *Turlypin*, Hammer *Turluru*, and Johnson does not say much in saying: "It is probable the word *Turlygood* was the common corrupt pronunciation." I cannot help reading—

Enforce their charity.—Poor Tom! be good! poor Tom!

That is a better way to enforce charity than by saying something of which nobody knows what is meant.

(IV. ii. 29.)

GON. *I haue beene worth the whistle.*

In the beginning of the scene she says :

. . . . *I meruell our mild husband,
Not met vs on the way. Now, where's your Master ?*
STEW. *Madam within . . .*

She means, her husband ought to have given her a sign of his presence, or to have met her on her arrival, and blames him for having neglected this duty of courtesy.

(IV. ii. 50-60.)

With plumed helm thy slaier begins threats,
.
.
.
.
.
.
.
ALB. *See thyselfe diuell :*

(The second Quarto brings the above-quoted reading, while the first Quarto gives something less intelligible : *thy state begins thereat.*)

Who is this "slayer" ? Not France, for he is spoken of in the preceding line ; not Cornwall, for why should he be called Albany's slayer ? He is his confederate against France, notwithstanding the secret designs which may be planned on both sides against the brother-in-law ; and finally, why should Albany, after *those* words of

Goneril, be driven to the superlative and furious expression : "See thyself, devil!"

There must have been something horrid said, something extraordinarily unnatural, that drives this mild character to such an outburst of feeling ; and we cannot suppose that the other received reading, "thy state," should answer those questions.

But let us look back to Act III., N. f., 14-20 :

CORN.

Where is the king ?

OS. *My lord of Gloster hath conveyed him hence :*

Some five or six and thirty of his knights,

Hot questripts after him, met him at gate ;

Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,

*Are gone with him towards Dover ; where they
boast*

To have well-armed friends.

Goneril hears this, and, exaggerating and dressing it up, relates to her husband what she has heard, namely, that even her father begins threats ; but a certain unconscious feeling prevents her from calling him "My father." She says in a rather spiteful and contemptuous tone, "*this Lear.*"

With plumed helm this Lear begins threats.

Perhaps you will concede that an inarticulate

and swift pronunciation of the words "this Lear," might easily lead to a misunderstanding for "thy slayer." And after Goneril has spoken so disdainfully of her father, it is but natural that Albany should call her a devil. Finally, let us not forget that "thy slayer" is not elsewhere to be found in Shakespeare.

(IV. vi. 97 *sq.*)

Ha ! Gonerill with a white beard ?

See I. iv. 107—

How now, daughter ! what makes that frontlet on ?

He is reminded of this frontlet, seeing Gloster with the dark band over his eyes.

Grant White's emendation of the next lines—

To say ay and no to everything that I said ay and no to,

is very commendable, while Malone's interpretation of the words,

and told me I had white hairs, etc.,

clears away any difficulty of this part of the passage.

(V. iii. 35.)

About it, and write happy, when th' hast done. . . .

I cannot see why the captain should "write" happy, when the deed is done. Write—to whom? and why? He is not far enough to be obliged to correspondence; and I am sure Edmund does not want a letter—a written witness of the crime—where he at every moment, and by the nearest way, is able to ascertain whether his order is executed or not.

I should like to propose the reading—

right happy.

OTHELLO.

(I. i. 21.)

(A Fellow almost damn'd in a faire wife) } . .

It is not necessary to speak about all attempts that have been made to give a sense to the content of this line. Alex. Schmidt, in his "Shakespeare Lexicon," calls it an "unintelligible passage;" and the same opinion is ex-

pressed in nearly all studies made on the same subject.

There is one way, acknowledged to be the best, in elucidating and emending the text of an author: it is in investigating his thought, in examining the *ductus literarum* of the manuscript or the printed copy, and if that does not lead to a conclusion, to ask whether similarity of sound has perhaps been the error's cause. The last step to be taken is, to prove that the result of the emendation, the new word or phrase, belongs to the stock of words or phrases found in the author's works.

Now, this theory applied to the line in Othello, let us ask what Iago intends to say of Cassio in addressing Rodrigo. He wishes to prove that this Florentine, this great *arithmetician*, is anything but *a man*. He never set a squadron in the field, he knows no more about the division of a battle than a spinster does.

The mutilated line must have contained something corresponding to that, and surely did so, if I am allowed to suppose my conjecture to be a right one. Iago means: He is not a man, knows nothing of the military profession, and can at the best make women fall in love with him.

See, *e.g.*, Act I. Scene iii. lines 403, 404, where Iago speaks of Cassio—

*He hath a person, and a smooth dispose
To be suspected: fram'd to make women false*

and Act II. Scene i. line 249 *sq.*—

*besides, the knave is handsome, young: and hath all
those requisites in him that folly and Greene mindes look
after*

and—last, not least—II. i. 316—

(For I fear Cassio with my Night-Cape too)

Speaking of the *faire wife*, Iago no doubt thinks on his own wife too.

Now, concerning the sound, I find that *damn'd* *in* is very easily misunderstood for “tempting,” and concerning the *ductus literarum* and the sound, “almost” is easily misunderstood for “at most” :

A fellow, at most tempting a fair wife.

This is perfectly in keeping with what has been quoted above, the verb “to tempt” is very

familiar with Shakespeare, while "at most" in a similar sense is found in Macbeth, III. i. 128.

The *Athenæum* (No. 3301, May 2, 1885, page 577) gives another explanation as answer to my note published in the same paper: B. Nicholson, M.D., and Mr. A. Hall, are of opinion that Cassio is married, and that his lady is "the fair wife" he is "damn'd in." Mr. N. at least confesses that he has

no intimation that Cassio was a married man ;

but

the plot neither requires nor demands any other intimation ; the line itself tells us that he was, and it is confirmed by this, that some of the incidents of the plot are thereby rendered more probable and natural.

What an easy way to elucidate the text of Shakespeare ; you marry Cassio, and all is perfectly clear !

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

(II. ii. 41-43.)

*Your Wife and Brother
Made warres upon me, and their conteſtation
Was Theame for you, you were the word of warre.*

Warburton's emendation, "was them'd for you," would be all that could be wished for, if Shakespeare had one single time used the word "theme" as a verb, but we find it only as a substantive, and therefore I dare to give another reading—

. . . *and their conteſtation
Was tak'n from you, you were the word of war.*

From you they have taken (derived) their supposed right and the stimulus to this war; in their position as wife and brother they thought it fit to make war in your interest.

(II. ii. 112.)

ENOB. *Go too then : your Confederate ſtone.*

I propose the reading—

Your confederate's gone.

This is quite in keeping with what Enobarbus said in the words—

Or if You borrow one another's love for the instant,

and with what Cæsar answers in his next speech. Enobarbus' opinion is, that Antony has lost his confederate, since he has lost Cæsar's love, and Cæsar answers—

*I do not much dislike the matter . . .
 . . . for't cannot be
 We shall remain in friendship. . . .*

IV. xv. 32, 33.

ANT. *O quicke, or I am gone.*

CLEO. *Heere's sport indeede :*

To these words Malone gives the following note : " Perhaps rather, here's a curious game, the last we shall ever play with Antony ! Or perhaps she is thinking of fishing with a line, a diversion which we have been already told she was fond of. Shakespeare has introduced ludicrous ideas with as much incongruity in other places."

Not only do I agree with Malone (as I agreed with him before having known his note), I go further than he did ; I am sure Shakespeare

means, "fishing with a line!" In II. v. 10 *sq.* we read—

*Give me mine angle ; we'll to the river : there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes ; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws, and as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha ! you're caught.*

Can there be any doubt that she is reminded of this sport and of her words to Charmion—just in the moment when she is doing the self-same thing in direful earnest : lifting up Antony as with an angle ?!

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